Wire Hair

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by FandomsAndShipsGallore

Summary

Post-fall. Hannibal gets extreme anxiety when Will is not home or away from him for to long, so Will gets him a little assistance.

"What do you do?" Hannibal raised an eyebrow at a sheepish Will. The brunet put one of Hannibal's silk ties over the older man's eyes and grabbed his hands. Will smiled as he lead his boyfriend to the garage, "Step down... Step down... Okay last step... Stop... Okay, are you ready?"

"I believe so," Hannibal nodded. Will motioned for the very happy dog in the garage to settle down. She sat still. Will pulled off the blindfold and kissed his boyfriends cheek, "Happy birthday."

Hannibal grinned at the fuzzy dog wearing a bow and a little note. Hannibal unvelcroed the oversize bow and plucked up the small note; to keep you company when I can't. Happy birthday babe.

"Oh, Will," Hannibal was a little teary eyed. Will smiled, "It gets better. Flip it over."

Hannibal looked at the note as Will got down on one knee; Marry Me?

When he looked at Will he held a simple gold band with a small silver antler embedded in it. Hannibal was now full bore sobbing and rapidly nodding, "Yes! Yes! A thousand times yes!"

"Oh thank god," Will grinned slipping the ring on Hannibal's finger and tackled him in a hug.

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The first time Hannibal and his new service dog - he named her Belle - were left alone was a hotel in Barcelona. Will went out to get groceries and it was late. Hannibal was going into a small panic.

Belle hopped onto the bed and curled into his lap. Hannibal played with the messy scruff on her face smoothing it then ruffling it. He sighed and nuzzled against her muzzle.

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When Will walked in Belle was laying across Hannibal's back and Hannibal was snoring away. Will quietly stripped and laid next to Hannibal, "Good girl Belle."

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